A Light Among Petals

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A Light Among Petals

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Summary

Sakuya chuckled softly, nuzzling into her “And what shall I give you in return, my goddess?”

Amaterasu smiled, gently taking Sakuya’s hand and pressing it to her own heart “Just this" She whispered “Your love. Your presence. The sound of your voice in the morning and the feel of your breath at night”

The sun filtered gently through the sacred grove of Kamiki Village, dappling the ancient earth in hues of gold and green. The air smelled sweet with spring, the scent of blooming cherry blossoms dancing on the breeze. Birds chirped quietly overhead, and somewhere nearby, a stream gurgled with soft laughter, winding its way through the roots of trees that had watched over the land for centuries.

In the heart of the grove stood a mighty tree — Konohana — tall and proud, its branches heavy with blossoms. At its base knelt Sakuya, the guardian spirit of the tree, her soft hands working with quiet devotion as she tended to a scar in the bark. Her form shimmered faintly with ethereal beauty — her long hair cascading like lilac silk, and her delicate fingers glowing faintly as she weaved natural energy into the wound.

She hummed a melody to the tree, a song known only to the spirits of nature, her voice as soft as morning mist. There was peace in her heart… but not quite fullness. A longing echoed within her like the empty hollow of a reed flute. She felt it most deeply when she was alone. When she reached out behind her, she found no warmth to hold.

Until, of course, she was no longer alone.

A soft rustle of leaves behind her sent a ripple through the still air. Sakuya didn't turn—not yet. She could feel the warmth before she saw it. Like the kiss of sunrise brushing her back, a golden light that carried quiet laughter beneath its brightness.

Then a faint sound — soft footsteps on grass — and something blossomed beside her. A low, melodic cough, more teasing than unwell, followed.

She turned.

And there she was.

Amaterasu.

No longer in the divine form of the white wolf, but as the radiant woman she chose only rarely to become. She stood barefoot on the moss, her black hair glimmering like liquid night, cascading over her back and catching the sun like strands of ink. Her eyes — one golden as the sun itself, the other hidden behind a soft fall of hair — met Sakuya's with a quiet, knowing joy.

In her hands, Amaterasu held a single rose.

But it was no ordinary bloom — it shimmered with delicate firelight, each petal sculpted from pure sunlight. The heart of it glowed, pulsing gently like a warm star. It was made of light, but it breathed like a living thing, golden filaments drifting from its edges in lazy spirals.

"For you" Amaterasu said softly, her voice the tone of late afternoon sunlight "The only bloom I dared challenge your beauty with"

Sakuya blinked, lips parting with a breath she hadn't realised she was holding. She stood slowly, brushing her hands against the tree's bark as she rose. Her eyes never left the goddess.

"You created… this?" She whispered, awe blooming in her chest.

Amaterasu stepped closer, the rose held between them like a prayer "A gift. For the one who heals the trees I once painted into being. For the heart that holds mine"

Sakuya reached out slowly, her fingers brushing the radiant petals. The light kissed her skin, and for a moment, she could feel Amaterasu's warmth surging through the bloom — a wordless expression of love, devotion, and eternity.

"You're radiant" Sakuya breathed "Even in this form… especially in this form..."

Amaterasu smiled, stepping forward until only inches separated them. She leaned in, gently offering the glowing flower into Sakuya's hands. As her fingers let go of the bloom, she moved closer still — pressing her forehead to Sakuya's, then leaning in to lovingly nuzzle her. Her nose brushed tenderly along Sakuya's cheek, the motion soft and filled with quiet affection. She lingered there, breathing in the scent of her, warm and floral like the grove they stood in. The nuzzle was slow, loving, and sacred.

Sakuya closed her eyes, a soft sigh escaping her lips as she leaned into the contact. Her hand came up to rest against Amaterasu's arm, grounding herself in the radiance of the moment.

"I missed you" Sakuya said, voice trembling.

"I felt every petal that fell while I was away" Amaterasu replied, her voice heavy with quiet ache "And every breeze whispered your name to me"

Their lips met — not in hunger, not in haste, but in reverent tenderness. It was a kiss that spoke of long ages passed, of battles won and wounds healed. Of lifetimes shared between moments.

When they pulled back, Sakuya rested her cheek against Amaterasu's chest, listening to the quiet thrum of the goddess's heart.

"Stay" She whispered.

"I came to do exactly that" Amaterasu murmured, her arms tightening around her "To help you mend the trees, to walk the earth beside you. To bring light… where your shadow needs warmth"

Sakuya chuckled softly, nuzzling into her "And what shall I give you in return, my goddess?"

Amaterasu smiled, gently taking Sakuya's hand and pressing it to her own heart "Just this" She whispered "Your love. Your presence. The sound of your voice in the morning and the feel of your breath at night"

They stood like that for a long time, beneath the boughs of the sacred tree, the golden rose blooming eternal between them. Around them, the cherry blossoms stirred, petals falling like

blessings from the heavens.

And the sun, high above, shone brighter — not in blazing heat, but in soft, enduring warmth. A light born not just from divinity, but from love...

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